

THE KEYSTONE

1899

LOUISA B. POPPENHEIM,
Editor and Proprietor.

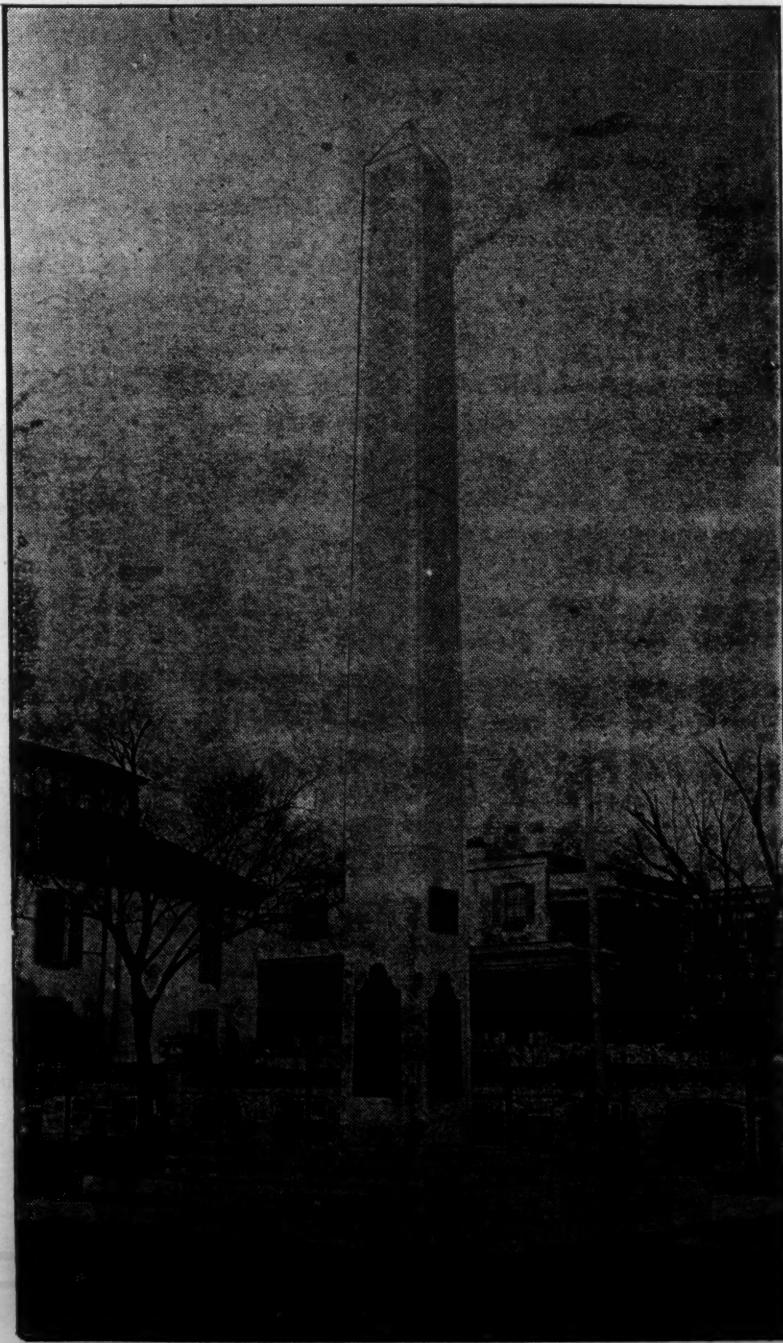
VOL. III. No. 5. OCTOBER, 1901. A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED
TO WOMAN'S WORK.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Official Organ for the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.

Official Organ for the South Carolina Audubon Society.

Entered at postoffice, Charleston, S. C., as second-class matter.



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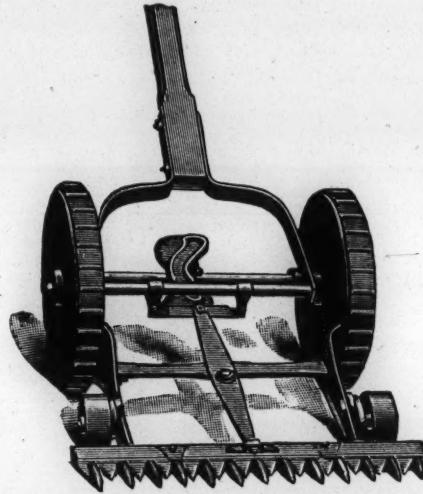
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Editorial.

October.

O CTOBER'S CHILD is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know,
But lay an opal on her breast,
And Hope will lull those woes to rest.

AT this time of the year many of us are trying to believe that there is pleasure in economy. In between seasons the draperies of last winter seem unable to endure the strain of another season, but be of good cheer for things are not as bad as they seem; this is especially true of curtains, darning and careful draping will be like charity. I once knew an ingenuous woman who cut her long curtains in half and sewed them together, after cutting off the worn parts, and this made sash curtains which she tied back with dainty ribbons where the seams came, and smiled at her own cleverness when her friends admired the dainty arrangement. Fresh covers to the sofa cushions and pictures carefully dusted and hung in new places so the pictures which last year occupied the corners now show in a more prominent place, give an air of freshness which is so pleasing in a room. When the gloomy winter days set in and the house is all in order we will then wonder how we ever thought of needing curtains and carpets, as we are sure the ones we have will last another year. The eye wants change and this can be accomplished by a different arrangement of the furniture, leaving the nest egg to be spent in some other way or saved for the rainy day. The woman with the true housekeeper's instinct will get more pleasure out of utilizing what she has rather than in buying new furniture. Each one has her pet economy and we only call it extravagant when one buys what we do not want.

THE Arundell School in Baltimore has the honor of being the first school in the South to introduce the subject of domestic science. Miss Grace McCullough has given a series of twenty-four lessons there during the past season with marked success.

THE movement started in New York last spring, by members of the Women's College Alumnae Associations, to establish a club and secure a clubhouse for college women, is assured of great success by a large number of applications for membership. Already there are 542 names on the list. The object of this new club is to become a social and literary centre for college women in New York, and to offer a home to the various alumnae associations. The new clubhouse is to be located between Twenty-third and Forty-second streets, and is to contain assembly rooms, restaurant, library and bedrooms for permanent and transient rental.

MANY Clubs will give a day on their programs during the coming year to the Louisiana purchase. We realize that the study of United States history is greatly needed when we read that, in sending out invitations to participate in the celebration of this Purchase, the State Federations of Washington and Oregon were included in the list. It is a matter of pride to Club-women that the State Presidents of these two States could reply, "We were never purchased."

THE TEXAS STATE FEDERATION, organized in 1897, includes 141 Clubs, representing between 3,000 and 4,000 women. Its most recent enterprise is placing in post-offices boxes in which persons may put magazines, to be passed on to the farming population.

IT is a question for thought and discussion which Miss Helen Winslow, Editor of the Club woman presents in an article in the October Delineator. "The Bible in Women's Clubs." The prominence first given by Club-women to this study of the Bible as literature is largely due to Miss Helen M. Cole, the gifted lecturer, who is constantly called on to make up study programmes.

When we consider how much time has been devoted in the past to "Browning Afternoons," "The Philosophy of Kant," "Egyptian Hieroglyphics" etc, we feel that Club-women are now thinking more of "the things that count." In this study of the Bible, women are taught to read it intelligently, not skimming a verse at a time, here and there, and to really appreciate and value the history and poetry of Hebrew literature.

THE Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, during their recent tour of Canada, were given a reception by the nuns of the Ville Maria. This community is of especial interest, as it was founded by a woman, Marguerite Bourgeois, of Troy, France. In 1663, she came to Montreal to nurse the sick, and began her work in a stable. Later she brought some young women out from France and founded a religious community, which has now grown to a great organization, with branches all over Canada.

WE often hear of the delicious cooking in Baltimore which is probably due to the influence of Mrs. Betsey Goodfellow, which as early as 1815 conducted a cooking school in that city. Mrs. Goodfellow was a reduced gentlewoman who supported herself by opening a pastry cookery establishment which soon became famous. Her especial talent was in making fine cakes and pastry, though she gave instructions in preparing boned turkey salads and the like.

Her pupils were the daughters of the best people in Baltimore and her teachings have never been forgotten.

MRS. HENROTIN, in her address to the Housemaids Union of Chicago, stated that she favored the formation of a Union of Household Employees as well. This, she said, would bring the domestic service question before the two classes most interested, and must work out for its solution. She also paid the following high tribute to the servants of America: she said: "They numbered 1,500,000. One-half of them are foreign born, and we have taught them all they know. They are the best domestics in the world; the quickest to work and the best to handle."

THE Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs has recently created a department of domestic science, and placed it in charge of a committee, of which Mrs. S. T. Busey of Urbana, Ill., is chairman.

The committee ask that the first efforts of club-women be given to the home, and urge the study of architecture and sanitation. They also recommend that the clubs endeavor to introduce cooking and sewing into every public school whether in city or country.

We hope that some day the South Carolina Federation will be able to arouse public sentiment in this direction.

"THE superiority of man is equalled only by the superiority of woman." The hope of man is alike the hope of woman. The suffering of the one is alike experienced by the other. The aspirations of the one are the aspirations of the other; the failure, the gain, the glory, the dignity, and the honor, each shares as one. The woman can never be in advance of the man, nor the man gain advantage over the woman. Eternally both stand side by side, for nature knows no tandem rule in her stupendous march of eternity. Both fail and fall together, both are simultaneously resurrected. Were it otherwise, nature would be a kingdom divided against herself."—Exchange.

SOUTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS,

"Animis opibusque parati."

This Department is official, and will be continued monthly.
Official news and calls of Federation Committees printed here

List of Officers.

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MRS. WM. BRISTOL, President of the Clover Club of Beaufort, has kindly consented to accept the position of Chairman of the Musical Department of the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.

An Appeal to South Carolina Club-Women.

NOW, that we have been given an hour at Los Angeles, I am emboldened to approach the group of our able Presidents, asking them to start some Civil Service Reform Work, in their several states, to which we can call attention in our Paper. We are anxious to show to what extent our work is arousing real and wide-spread interest.

It would be impossible to enumerate the individual Clubs, that are studying and working, but the formation of State Committees, would give us centres of information, and make the interchange of ideas and suggestions, more possible. We have Civil Service Reform Committees already in Illinois (where I think it is a Sub-Committee of the Legislature etc.) and in New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts.

In addition to the Woman's Aux. to the National C. S. R. League in New York City, we have formed a like Society in Boston, with a membership of 340, which is doing fine, strong work.

We are pressing the study of Civics in the High Schools, Civil Service Reform an appropriate branch. In New York, the State Regent's examination makes this study obligatory; in Massachusetts it is optional with the Masters.

In all our States, it would be well for the Federation to press this matter which really means instruction in the principle of citizenship, and how else can a government by the people, live, except through the intelligence of the unit. Each High School Master should be interested in the idea, and asked to inaugurate such a course in his School. School Supervisors or Committees in the larger centres might be written to by your Committee if you have one.

If good work can be done this winter in connection with C. S. R., our Paper at Los Angeles, will fall into minds, already prepared by thought and investigation, to understand the vital importance of the movement.

We have no hope, except in the slow education of an intelligent public opinion. Each of the great Parties is afraid to forego any seeming advantage that "spoils" may give, and neither seems afraid of alienating voters, or of shocking the community by corrupt appointments.

And so it will go, until we can rouse some form of vigorous condemnation. All our Reforms are threatened by this wide-spread corruption. We are building upon a quicksand, until we insist that the results of our work shall be carried out by men and women, selected because they are fitted to do the work, and not put in these positions to pay political debts.

Sincerely yours, L. S. W. PERKINS,
Chairman of the C. S. R. Committee of the Massachusetts Federation W. C, also one of the Vice-Presidents of the Massachusetts Woman's Auxiliary and the National C. S. R. League.

Something of Women's Clubs.

"THE time has passed when it is safe to speak slightly of Women's Clubs," so says some one, and I too am decidedly of that opinion. The Woman's Club is now a factor in our country's make-up, and one of its greatest factors.

The growth and outcome of the Woman's Clubs is something almost incredible. At first, fit theme for jest, ridicule or sarcasm, they have silently but surely, gathered force until now the Women's Clubs are the great center-light of all that pertains to culture, improvement and progress, from the profoundest in literature to the highest in the arts. Who now does assail or treat slightly a Woman's Club!

The first general Federation (as all know) was formed in New York City, in 1890, just something over ten years ago, but, no one, then, had the remotest idea of the rapid growth of this movement, of the immense proportions to which it would so soon attain.

The Federation in New York was followed by National meetings in Chicago, Philadelphia, Louisville and Denver, and, at each Convention, statistics showed that the good work had increased a thousand fold. From the National Federation sprang the State Federation, and, in rapid succession almost every State in the Union had its "Federation of Women's Clubs."

Not four years ago, Mississippi joined the march of progress with a small body of federated Clubs. A few enterprising and enthusiastic Club-women, of the little town of Kosciusko, called to their sister Club-women from over the State to come and assist them in organizing the numerous Clubs into a Federation. A few equally as earnest and enthusiastic women responded to the call, and within three days, had drawn up a Constitution, By Laws, etc., had held several interesting literary meetings, had been royally entertained in a social way, and at the close of the Convention, a nucleus had been formed for the Federation of the Women's Clubs of Mississippi.

And thus the first movement was made; but the work once begun the interest has continued to increase, until that which was started a short time ago by a few earnest workers, has swelled into a surging tide of purpose, with representative women willingly and gladly taking the lead, with the good of their cause, the literary development of their communities, and the general elevation of the State at heart.

Each year, as these earnest workers meet and commingle, ideas bright and new are exchanged, wise suggestions made, the Club work of different localities compared, Club-rules, customs, programs discussed, until each feels that she has, indeed been invited into a hitherto closed treasure-house of golden information.

And how drawn together we are! We, in truth, feel that all there are sisters. There is a noble work before our Women's Clubs, there is the individual Club to take up its special line of studies, to grow and expand into an influence for home good; there are the Clubs, as a body, to spread broadcast helpful literature, to investigate school systems and suggest school improvement plans, and to cry "enough" to the barbarous laws of child-labor; there are our womanly Club-women ever ready to assist, step by step, in the promotion of the general good of all our land.

There is no limit to this elevating influence, and it is everywhere my experience, that the spirit engendered, by the State Federations is a most helpful one. It broadens the mind, arouses the best heart-impulses and has altogether an upward ennobling tendency. Narrow-mindedness, petty prejudices, contracted views cannot long dwell in a State Federation of Women's Clubs. Our Club-women have chosen a broad plain and a high standard, and so it seems that even the "one-idea women" (of whom there are not a few) by coming in contact with the progressive minds would absorb some of their broadening and beneficial spirit.

And, it is also, my experience (public opinion to the contrary) that these busy Club-women are universally tender-hearted mothers, worshipful wives, dutiful daughters and conscientious Christians. **JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN,**
President Mississippi Federation of Women's Clubs.

Hints for Hallow E'en.

THREE saucers are placed in a row: one filled with clear water, one with milk or colored water, and one empty. Blindfolded, each member of the company in turn puts out the left hand. If it touches the clear water, marriage is foretold; if the colored water, the future partner will be a widow or widower, while if the hand fall on the empty dish, a life of single blessedness is prophesied. This may be varied by more dishes, one containing earth, which signifies wealth, one with blue water, meaning a literary career, etc.

Apples are inseparably connected with Hallowe'en sports, but the bobbing or ducking for apples in a tub of water is a trifle too energetic exercise for a parlor game. It does not look difficult to catch an apple with the teeth, but it is. A modification of this is to stick the apples with forks or to attempt to do so.

An apple can be suspended from a string from the ceiling and with hands tied behind, some luckless mortal attempts to eat it, but few will secure more than one bite.

Fate apples may be hung on a small tree, from which each member of the company can choose one; appropriate quotations or small gifts must first be inserted in each. This can be done by removing the core from the blossom end without disturbing the stem; the article can be inserted and a section of the skin or a few leaves tucked in to fill the opening.

Nuts, apples and candies with mottoes distributed among them can be put in a large, fairly strong paper bag hung in the center of a wide door-way, with a table cloth spread beneath. Some one is chosen by lot, blindfolded and turned around several times, then armed with a cane let him try to strike the bag hard enough to scatter its contents. When the shower comes, all scramble to secure as much as possible, and a prize is awarded the largest winner.

With such refreshments at intervals there is little need of a formal supper for a Hallowe'en party. If it is provided some old-time Scotch dishes should appear.

Hearts or leaves or witches built on clothes-pins may bear the menu cards, and at each plate should be a tiny candle in its stick with a match beside to light all at once at a signal from the hostess. The candle which burns irregularly or goes out first portends a luckless marriage, while the one burning bright till the end foretells a happy one.

A variation on the Christmas pie can be constructed. The case should be heart-shaped, made of pasteboard, and appropriately decorated. This is filled with earth or bran, and throughout are placed tiny gifts, each with a ribbon attached which hangs out over the edge, while the trinkets are buried out of sight. A layer of fine salt on top with Hallowe'en spelled out on it in cranberries will make the effect similar to an elaborate frosted cake. At the close of the meal each guest pulls a ribbon and obtains a prize. Or the gifts may be attached to the candles, forming a border around the cake, and each guest can take one of these.

Each gift should be emblematical, or contain a prophetic quotation. A heart signifies a wedding, a thimble, the necessity for earning a living, a clover leaf or horseshoe, good luck, a sixpence, riches, etc.

When it is desired to make the festivities especially ghostly, the company should wear the sheet and pillow case costumes. Each guest may be registered and paired off by the hostess, and then a busy half-hour will be spent in guessing each other's identity.

To end such an evening ghost stories should be told around the open fire, each person in turn being given a lighted fagot, and his story must last as long as it burns.

At parting each guest should have a half egg shell filled with salt, to be eaten just before sleeping, for if all other charms have failed, that surely will cause a dream about the future spouse.—*Kitchen Magazine.*

PATIENCE implies strength, because one needs to be positive in order to manifest patience.—*Exchange.*

A Night Picture of the Exposition.

How the Pan-American Puts on Its Brilliant Robe of Light.
A Wondrous Illumination.

I SAT this evening in the Esplanade when the glorious Exposition put on its robe of brilliant, festive light.

This is the picture that is destined to live, perhaps more vividly than any other, in the mind of every one who shares the exquisite sensation of this experience.

The joy of this holy hour of twilight is intensified by the knowledge that many thousands of others are feeling the same ecstasy and are awed by the same wondrous spectacle.

How poor my pen to say in words what I feel in my delighted consciousness!

I have a million thrills.

Every sense is gaping like young robins at the rustle of the returning mother's wings, expectant of some untasted delicacy. I wonder what next is to come.

Come, sit awhile with me while the west is still golden, and the pale blue canopy deepens to indigo.

Music delights the ear. The sense of form goes gamboling among the statuary, the towers and the minarets. The rich variety of pleasing colors widens the pupil of the enraptured eye. The play of many fountains enlivens the great court, and flowers everywhere exhale new harmonies of fragrance, with never a discord to offend.

As the gray of twilight darkens, the few stray lights grow dim and disappear.

There is a hush upon the multitude. The band in its bonnet-like pagoda strikes up "The Star Spangled Banner."

A pale pink glow is discernible in the filaments of the nearest lamps. Presently it brightens, and the tinge of color is discoverable upon the huge tower and the building which inclose this magnificent court.

The glow increases, and the crowd, moved to express itself, joins in a genuine applause. With the concluding strains of the national anthem, the illumination flashes to the height of its brilliancy, and the picture is complete.

Any lover of beautiful and wonderful things would girdle the world to see the evening illumination at the Pan American Exposition if he could but understand what an inspiring and unusual spectacle it really is. And yet this is but a single feature of a magnificent fair in which the whole western world has joined to acquaint the people of all nations with the fruits of a century's progress.

MARK BURNETT.

Recipes Which Have Been Tried.

SHRIMPS WITH PEAS.—Pick over and remove all shells from one-half pint of shrimps, and heat in a chafing-dish with two tablespoons butter. Remove to a hot dish and keep warm while you heat one can peas which have been drained with one-half cup cream, tablespoon butter, tablespoon salt, and one-quarter tablespoon paprika. Arrange the shrimps on small strips of toast or wafers, and pour the peas over them.

MACAROON AND PEACH CREAM.—Soak one-fourth box gelatin in one-fourth cup cold water. Make a custard of one pint milk, the yolks of three eggs, three tablespoons sugar, and a speck of salt. Add the soaked gelatin and strain. Set in a pan of ice-water and stir until it begins to thicken. Add the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, nine macaroons broken in pieces, and one teaspoonful of Vanilla. Line a mold with peaches, turn in the macaroon cream, and chill. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored.

LITTLE CAKES FOR AFTERNOON TEA.—Rub one-half pound butter till creamy, add one-half pound sugar, and mix until the sugar is dissolved. Beat the yolks of six eggs till thick and light colored, and the whites till stiff and dry. Add the yolks to the sugar mixture and mix well; add one teaspoon vanilla, then the whites, and lastly, stir in two ounces flour and six ounces corn starch. Beat all together till very light, turn into small tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

The Influence of the Moor on Spanish Architecture.

NO country develops itself. No life is lived alone. The haughty Spaniard, even in his isolation and pride, owes to another and a gentler race many potent factors in his life and culture. To say that the Aryan race in its present condition has dominated Europe for the past thousand years, is to fall into a great error.

Look to the East, the soft and gentle Orient, and we will find an influence on the Barbarians of the North which will make us tremble at the power of the dead and decayed nations of the earth.

The rapid conquests of Islam soon brought to the Arabs knowledge of other lands, and along with these conquests went the establishment of fixed abodes and the cultivation of architecture. For when man becomes imbued with the idea of permanency of location, he immediately begins to construct monuments by which he may be known to posterity. This longing to live in the minds of men is too strong an instinct of the human race to be lacking in either Oriental or Occidental.

The founding of the Omayade dynasty in the West, the beautiful land and climate of Spain, the perpetual passing to and fro of caravans bringing rumors of the splendors of Bagdad, all excited the interest of the Spanish Moor in architecture.

These settlers in the south of Spain were fierce and ethereal tempered, poetic, polished and unscrupulous.

The Sphinx, the unchangeable Koran, the immeasurable desert are the symbols of the Moor. Motionless serenity is his ideal. Impetuous and fiery in his passion, he is the least inventive of men. Realism predominates in his literature, and naturally the most realistic of the arts—Architecture—would be the expression of his artistic emotions.

The relics of Moorish architecture, those mighty piles of marble and porphyry, with their gardens and fountains, tell us more of the life of the Spanish Moor, than any of their literary productions. By the very tenets of their religion all the beauties of painting and sculpture, as we understand the terms, were forbidden them, for we must remember that in Spain "Moor" is synonymous with "Moslem."

Naturally their artistic natures demanded expression, and that expression was realized in architecture.

To-day these mighty relics of a dead and gone race influence the minds of their conquerors, who have lived for so many centuries under the shadows of their towers and battlements, and the occultism of the East still tinges the language and imagination of the Spaniard of to-day.

Moorish architecture may be divided into three great periods.

In the first period the Byzantine influence was dominant from the eighth to the tenth century.

In the second period this influence vanishes imperceptibly; rich and peculiar ornamentations invade the symmetrical and unimpassioned architecture of Greece and Rome.

In the third period buildings seem to have been constructed solely for arabesques.

Having briefly outlined the three great periods of Moorish architecture in Spain, I will now attempt a little more detailed account of an example of each of these three great periods, taking them chronologically, and beginning with the oldest Moorish building of marked elegance architecturally.

It is said that Africa begins as soon as one crosses the Pyrenees, and surely Cordova, with its golden Cathedral and its gorgeous palms, is truly Oriental, even to-day.

In the tenth century it was the center of the Moorish Empire. At that time its inhabitants numbered a million souls, and three hundred Mosques called the people to prayer. It was enclosed by a high wall, flanked by square, round and octagonal towers, built by the Moors on the foundations of the old Roman fortifications. Here we find the great Mosque, which to-day we visit as the "Cathedral" of Cordova.

The Palace of Tahra, five miles below Cordova, had no such lucky fate as the Mosque. Although it has been de-

stroyed, still from some old chronicles who appear to be trustworthy, as their descriptions of the Cordova Mosque are verified by the building itself, we are able to get some idea of a Palace of a Sultan.

From Cordova we turn to another famous Moorish stronghold—Seville. This beautiful old city is situated in a delightful plain, and is surrounded by Moorish walls, with 66 towers and 14 gates.

Seville is a city of gardens; the making of these cool, sweet oases in town deserts was mastered by the Moor, and he has left it as an heirloom forever to his degenerate conquerors.

The two great buildings in Seville which are interesting monuments of Moorish architecture are the Cathedral and the Alcazar.

The Cathedral now stands, on the site which was successively occupied by the Temple of Astarte and the Ancient Mosque of Seville. The main tower of the Cathedral, the "Giralda," the chief mission tower of the Mosque, was first 250 feet high, but in 1568 was added the superb filigree belfry, surmounted by a bronze figure of "Faith," and to-day its present height is 350 feet.

A traveller, only two years ago, tells of an interesting service witnessed in this great Moorish-Christian Pile. It was the Feast of San Fernando, and she heard a prayer in Spanish giving thanks that the country had been freed from the terrible Moors; the petition continued,—that they might never come back again, that glorious San Fernando should prevail, and that Spain should flourish forever. The priest then made the sign of the cross with his crucifix, the soldiers in the church grounded their arms, the officers drew their swords. All fell on their knees, the band played the National Air, the color guard marched to the altar, and seized their flag, which was resting there at the tomb of San Fernando. They saluted the hero of their country, and then with the band playing at their head, they marched out of the Cathedral with almost Roman dignity.

On witnessing this ceremony, we are brought face to face with the fact that although the Moor has ceased to exist as a nation, there still are found some vestiges of what he "was" to the "Spanish."

Just here it may be interesting to recall to your minds, that on the 19th of January, 1899, the supposed ashes of Christopher Columbus, after many wanderings and interments, were finally laid to rest in this same Cathedral of Seville.

This illustrious son of Spain, who gave her such a vast dominion, finally finds his resting place in her bosom, only after his unfortunate country had lost all the vast territory which his genius had opened up to her rule.

The other great building which we are to consider in Seville is the Alcazar, which in many respects equals the Alhambra in beauty and interest.

To really feel the enchantment of this lovely palace, however, one must linger in its garden, which is rich in tropical luxuriance, and almost barbaric in excess of perfume and bloom.

We now come to the spot where the Moor made his last stand for Empire in Spain. On the plains of Granada, near the city which was fortified in the strongest manner known to the middle ages, and capable of containing forty thousand armed men, stands the remains of the Red Castle of the Moorish Kings.

Fifty years ago Washington Irving was afraid that the Alhambra had already been too well described to stand another description. It has been sketched and painted, its every story told, its every ballad sung. To the traveller it appears as a huge heap of ugly buildings, the walls are entirely unornamented, and consist of gravel and pebbles daubed over with plaster. On entering a plain door one is, however, suddenly transplanted into fairy land.

We all have read of the Grand Apartment of the Palace, the Hall of Lions, with its Arabic motto, signifying, "No Conqueror but God."

THE KEYSTONE.

The colors still retain their brilliancy, and the delicate filigree and tracery are in perfect condition, after a lapse of five hundred years.

Since the Castilian conquest of Granada, the Alhambra has undergone a series of disfigurements. Charles V. modernized some of its apartments in order to fit it for his residence. The French blew up eight of its towers, and tried to demolish the whole, and it has been only in the last thirty years that these priceless remains have had intelligent attention.

To-day the Palace is under the care of a governor and a number of invalided soldiers, and is nothing more than a museum.

The pleasure to be derived from visiting it is found in the spirit of the visitor. There everything is shut in, and everywhere one hears the sound of running or falling water.

Go see the Alhambra in sunlight, in moonlight. You must drouse in its shade and dream in its courts, to really know what it would say to mankind. It must be in sleep and silence that you leave its secret, for the Moor made the bliss of stupidity an article of faith. Struggling and battling were not the mainsprings of his nature.

Should we wander on, we would find many traces of these Moors in the architecture of Toledo and Cadiz, and all through Southern Spain.

They were a nation without a name or a country. As conquerors, their heroism was only equalled by their moderation. They loved their adopted home, and strove to embellish it with everything which would add to the happiness of man.

They founded an Empire, which was unrivalled for prosperity, and their cities were centers of culture and wealth. If the Moslem monuments in Spain, the Mosque of Cordova, the Alcazar of Seville, and the Alhambra of Granada still bear inscriptions boasting of the power and permanency of Moorish dominion, should we call that boast vain or arrogant?

True, they did not take permanent root in Spanish soil. They were but the skirmish line of Islamism, and on those fair plains of sunny Spain the Moslem and the Goth struggled for supremacy.

The fiery courage of the Oriental was finally subdued by the obstinate valor of the Goth, and as Washington Irving says:

"They have disappeared among the Barbarians of Africa, leaving no distinct name behind them. The home of their adoption for eight centuries refuses to acknowledge them. A few broken monuments are all that remain to bear witness to their power and dominion, as solitary rocks left far in the interior bear testimony to the extent of some vast inundation. Such is the Alhambra. A Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land. An Oriental palace amidst the Gothic edifices of the West. An elegant memento of a brave, intelligent and graceful people, who conquered, ruled, and passed away."

The history of every nation is the heritage of its sons and daughters, and the story of its struggles, sufferings, misdeed and glorious atonements is the story which keeps alive in all hearts that sentiment of patriotism, without which, a nation speeds swiftly on its path to national corruption and decay.

The Minarets of Moslem Spain are silent to-day, because the Mussulman failed to appreciate the highest demands of patriotism, and lived for the bliss of the hour.

B. M. B.

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A Plea for the Birds.

SOME three or four years ago there was a request made of the ministers of the State to preach a sermon on "Murder." The Rev. H. C. Boukholtz, of Chester, S. C., delivered one of the strongest discourses that I have ever listened to. His theme was *All Murder*. He incorporated the ruthless slaying of birds; and pathetically spoke of the gleeful songsters that once thrilled the grove about his home with their warblings; but gradually the grove grew silent, for the boys with sling-shots had caused the woodland to become almost depopulated. Not only boys enjoy this cruel sport; but men too find diversion in destroying all the feathered tribe that chance within their range. Even some mothers—good mothers, at that—encourage their boys to rob birds' nests, and to recklessly destroy them. And, yet, these mothers expect their sons to grow up with a tender regard for those about them, and especially for their parents. Then cease to cultivate a phase of murder in their hearts. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" The holy Scripture is indeed plain on this subject. This portion of creation was given to us, with the rest, for our benefit, and the blessing should be appreciated. The Almighty does not forget his handiwork, and for its indiscriminate destruction we shall be brought to account. A distinguished writer once touched beautifully on the carelessness with which people usually crush the weak, dumb animals and insects out of existence. He declared that he never trod upon one of these helpless mites of creation without remembering that its life was a dash of divinity, and, in a measure, sacred. It were well if the proud rulers of the universe could remember that the mute creatures of earth are put here at our mercy; and as their custodians we should use our power over them judiciously and kindly, feeling that he who abuses this God-given trust does discredit to himself, and tarnishes his honor.

We human beings have two lives, as we all believe, one of which is eternal. A little bird has but one, and, O, how precious it must be to it! You should not cruelly wrest from it what you did not give, and that which is impossible for you to restore. At best its span of life will soon be done; perhaps it will gladden your pathway but once, then let it flit away, flit away caroling the merry song tuned for it by the glorious music director of Heaven and earth—little bird, flit away, flit away.

Happy bird, who could stay your course to-day, for it is straight towards the skies? May your plumage shine, unrestrained by blood, in the space immense; and may your notes of glee, ring unchecked upon the circumambient air. Little bird, who could shoot the fatal shot at you to-day?—for it seems a voice, sweet as the music of the spheres, whispers softly in the balmy breezes—as you flit away, flit away—

"The Hand that made me is Divine!"

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Autumn.

HE comes with splendid suite: with bannered trees
Emblazoned red and gold, with white plumed knights
Who ride the cotton fields in rustling arms;
For he is son to summer, and he goes
Across the purple hills where dwell the mists
To that great land where throned sunsets reign.
And, ere we know, he's past. But far away
We still hear pipers piping oe'r the hills
High, silvery notes upon their frosty flutes.

EMMA LOU GARRETT.

The Curse of the Miniature:

BY REBECCA LINLEY FRIPP.

A year had sped away—five years—ten years—and at last she stood before the easel ready to realize the hope of her life. She was now thirty years of age. Her hair was thickly streaked with gray, and had long ago forgotten its trick of curling in little tendrils round her face. Her eyes, her large, beautiful brown eyes, were strangely vacant, for all their intensity, and burned, like dim lamps in her pallid face.

She had no tutors now. They had taught her all they had to teach, and withdrew, in awe of her supreme genius.

The studio was lined with canvases of all sizes. They leaned against the wall, and were even piled upon the floor. All these her hands had wrought. Still she felt unequal to the task before her. Surely no mortal skill could reproduce the miniature. Yet, upon this hope she had built the fabric of her life. To this end she had worked and striven for ten long years. For this she had given up youth, home, love, and stood to-day, before that great, naked canvas, a woman with but one thought, one hope, one aim—to make unto herself a perfect God of beauty, and then fall down and worship him forever.

At last, with trembling fingers, she placed the miniature on the easel.

She took up a brush, and her spirit rose to her purpose. She sketched in the features lightly and swiftly; measured and remeasured with mechanical accuracy. There was not a flaw in it, and already the beloved face looked into hers.

The dinner bell rang, but she heeded it not.

The sketch was complete, and she set her palette. In the little work room adjoining the studio, were some colors that she needed, and she rose to get them.

On the threshold she turned for one look at the sketch—the bare outlines, devoid of coloring, even of light and shadow, and the face looked into hers with a divine pity.

At that instant, a heavy bronze hanging lamp, loosened in some unaccountable way, fell, bearing down in a general ruin, easel, palette and priceless miniature.

She stood, stunned and motionless. Then, as her faculties slowly returned, she knelt among the debris, and searched for her idol.

The miniature was forever destroyed; the angelic porcelain face was literally ground into powder.

She picked up from the ruin, the golden setting of the medallion, and her eyes caught sight of writing on the inner side. She shook out a bit of folded paper.

With a strange sense of relief, like one awakening from a nightmare, she attempted to read it. It was in Italian, yellow with age, and written in a hand almost as fine as cobweb.

She took it into the library, and opened her Italian dictionary. She had studied Italian in her school days, and, bit by bit she puzzled out the note. At last with growing horror and despair, she grasped its meaning.

"I have loved you better than my soul. Therefore I curse you. I would have dared heaven and hell for your love, and you despised me. Therefore I curse you.

You who have been an angel in life, shall be a demon in death. As I have loved you, so shall every woman love you, who looks upon your face. As I have lost all power of loving anything but the beauty of your face, even so shall every woman who beholds you. With this curse, I, Beatrice, curse you, Giovanni, so long as your image exists on the earth."

She crushed the unholy thing in her hand, and rushed to the window.

She must have air.

God help her! In her madness, what ruin she had wrought. Like a great tidal wave, the memory of the past swept over and overwhelmed her. She lay under that mighty flood, beaten bruised, incapable of thought, she knew not how long. It might have been days, it might have been weeks. Then the waters receded, and she began to see dimly. Little by little, the power of thought came back, and then, the power of action.

She would make reparation. Surely, her mother would forgive her, although she would not understand.

And Rob! how her heart overflowed at the name! O, he had not forgotten! He loved her yet. He would remember what she had told him that morning in the woods, and he would understand.

Very quickly the long, loving letters were written; and then she sat down to wait, patiently knowing that her punishment was just.

Days passed. Then a letter came. Her mother was dead. Ah! It was not always so easy to make reparation. Her brothers wrote coldly. They were content without her.

But Rob would come. He would remember his promise in the woods.

A month passed by. He too, had failed her.

She sat one morning, languidly planning her future, when Tom announced a gentleman. He had given no name, but she knew that it was Rob.

Her eyes had lost their stony stare of late, and now, with that sweet color mantling cheek and brow, she looked a girl again, despite her snowy hair—the happy, winsome girl who had gathered violets, with her boy lover coming up the road, how many years ago.

But it was no boy who rose to meet her as she entered the parlor. A grave and dignified man, he was who bowed low, but did not even proffer his hand.

"I beg your pardon for my delay," he said, in courteous well-bred tones. "But I am now settled in the far West, and I only received your letter a week ago. It had followed my somewhat erratic pilgrimage."

"Ah!" she breathed, trying in vain to still her beating heart, as she recognized him through the years' disguises.

"You sent for me? For what?" He broke in on her rapture.

"Yes, Rob, yes! O, Rob, why did you not remember poor Aunt Cathy, and save me from myself?" And then, without giving him time to speak, she poured out the whole miserable story—showed him Aunt Cathy's letter, the gold case of the medallion, and, last of all, the cruel curse itself.

He stood like one turned to stone. Her face was wonderful in its glory of love, but his eyes were wide with agony, only she could not see it for her happy tears.

"Oh Rob," she cried, at last, alarmed by his dispairing silence. "Why don't you speak! Surely, you will forgive me!"

"Forgive you? O, how can you doubt it!" But his voice was hoarse and hard. She came closer, and tried to look into his face. She cried out suddenly in a bitter wail—

"If you forgive me, as you say, why don't you love me, and kiss me, as you used to do. O, Rob! It was not I—it was—"

"I know, I know," he interposed hurriedly, "but hush! Give me time. I—I have something to tell you, too."

He hid his hands, and she waited. She knew now, that, whatever he might have to say, there was no hope for her—for them. What could it matter what he had to say!

For a few minutes, there was silence, then he rose and stood before her, with victory on his brow. She, too, rose, and stood before him, listlessly impatient.

What could it matter what he had to say.

"I was married two weeks ago," he said simply, and held out his hand.

The words were meaningless to her, but she met his hand with hers, wished him happiness in set phrases, and smiled as she bade him adieu.

In a minute she heard his buggy wheels grinding the gravel under the window, then he was gone—gone to love and home and happiness.

She busied herself that afternoon, packing her trunk and writing business letters.

In her heart was a calm akin to happiness. *Rob had understood.* After all, she could hardly have gathered up the ravelled strands of her old life. It was better so.

She made ample provision for the aged servants, and put the house, and everything in it, in the hands of a broker. She would put it out of her sight, like some great, gorgeous casket, in which she had buried youth and joy.

The grass would grow above that mouldering dream, and life would yet be fair.

* * * * *

Years have passed, and in a fair city of the old world, she is working out her destiny. The curse, too, has passed, for her heart yearns over all who touch the circle of her life. Yet, sometimes, when the light fails, and her brushes are laid aside, phantom faces steal out from the shadows, down through the silent years, a voice, like an echo from her heart, comes ringing, "I will love you, first and best, forever and ever, as long as I have the power of loving"—and her tears fall silently, as the night deepens around her. THE END.

We'll Hang a Garland here.

BY MRS. M. W. STRATTON.

THERE is in the State House grounds a tombstone with this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Capt. Swanson Lunsford, a native of Virginia and for many years a resident of Columbia, who died Aug. 7, 1799, aged 40 years. He was a member of Lee's Legion in the eventful period of '76."

This humble tribute to his memory has been placed by his only child, Mrs. M. L. and her husband Dr. Jno. Douglass, Chester, S. C."

The tomb is surrounded by an iron railing and seems to have been cared for. Why it was placed there where no one has ever been buried before or since; why suffered to remain amid the many changes so many years have wrought; how it escaped desecration during Sherman's memorable raid, we know not.

In an old record we find the name of Swanson Lunsford as a Commissioner of Streets in 1797. Only this and nothing more, can we find concerning the tenant of this singularly located grave, but it has always interested us and when some time after our last Decoration Day, we saw a faded garland on the tombstone we could not refrain from blessing the feeling heart and boyish hand that placed it there. We believe it was little Nelson Emlyn who remembered this duty which older folks forgot.

In this lone tomb a soldier sleeps,
No friend or kindred near;
This slab his only record keeps;
We'll hang a garland here,

Long years ago the mourners stood
Beside this narrow bed;
The place then nothing but a wood
Now many footsteps tread.

The mock-bird in the lofty pines
There all the music made;
The only flags were streaming vines
With nature's graceful aid.

Where now a granite mansion stands
Was but a grassy plot,
The sturdy men with willing hands
Who cleared it are forgot.

The man of God who made the prayer,
The weeping friends around
The careless, cold observer there
All moulder in the ground.

The daughter of his love and pride
Has vanished long ago;
Fullfilled her destiny and died,
And nothing more we know.

Shall we not give a thought to him,
To whom none give a tear!
Above this tablet old and dim,
We'll hang a garland here.

Far back into the olden time
This tomb our memory leads;
This sleeper then in manhood's prime
Perhaps did gallant deeds.

But what the story of his life
There's no one now to say;
We know he shared in battle's strife
In mid-age passed away.

If long he fought or well he fought
We are powerless to know;
One fact is still with interest fraught,
A soldier rests below.

We know he had the glorious right
To touch Lee's noble hand,
To see the hero in the fight,
Perhaps beside him stand.

E'en this were fame,—but who can tell,
The grand old tale today?
So many bled, so many fell
Unnoted passed away.

In memory of those tales of dread,
Those sleepless nights of fear,
Deeds of the unforgotten dead,
We'll hang a garland here.

MRS. THOMAS W. SPENCE, a prominent Club-woman of Milwaukee, is interested in the establishment in that city of a club made up of girls and women in domestic service. The cooks, maids, seamstresses and nurses will be urged to join the club, which has been started by three maids now in the employ of Mrs. Spence. These girls say, "we don't want a union, because we are satisfied with our work, and there is no need of making any united demands. But we do feel that a club will help us to raise the public's opinion of our social standing. As far as we are able, we shall make the club attractive, so that those girls who have not yet proved themselves eligible will find it worth while to try to do so." Mrs. Spence has interested a number of her friends, and their idea is to give the girls moral and perhaps at the start, financial support; to provide an attractive clubroom, where games and other recreations may be enjoyed, and to let the scheme work out its future development.

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The Free State Girls.

WHEN war was declared the Free State sister helped her brother to pack his scanty outfit—for the Boer warrior travels light, and is swift—kissed him good-by, and sent him off with her father and her friends' brothers to fight, and then visited him in his laager to prevent his yearning for home and from making him grow faint-hearted.

"Now that the enemy has occupied the country and the Boer is a prisoner at St. Helena, or still fighting across the border in the Transvaal, the girl sits at home waiting patiently for his return, raising money for his use if he is a prisoner, but uttering no word of complaint to make him, if he is fighting, feel that his place is back at home.

"But now the tennis-racquet is laid aside, for there are 'orderly horses' stabled in the courts. The bicycle stands in the hall unused, for the Provost Marshal requires the girl to ask for a pass if she will ride and she is too proud to do so; pony-riding has also been abandoned, for the hateful pass must be obtained for that, too. For the same reason, no more the visiting of country farms; in addition to this is the sad fact that many of the most dear ones have been razed to the ground. A deadly feud between her and the Uitlander section of her friends has divided her social circle. The city is full of the ugly khaki uniforms. There is little new to read, and the old has ceased to interest. And last, but not least, all evening parties must break up at half past eight, when the curfews send all but the military home and to bed.

"When the British marched into Bloemfontein the Boer girl closed the house, and in darkness, at midday, threw herself on her bed with her hands over her ears to drown the sound of the enemy marching, and cried bitterly, for her heart was breaking. Now that she feels that the cause of Afrikanderdom is hopelessly lost, she is bravely drying her tears and getting ready to help the returning warrior face the new conditions and to make the best of them. She was, and still is, proud of her country, and though still impatient at the suggestion that as a part of the British Empire a larger field is open for her for the exploitation of the greater personality which she unconsciously holds in reserve, yet she will come to a realization of this and of many more things earlier than her more slowly-thinking brother, and helped him to grow more easily into the new conditions.

"The Free State girl so impressed me, an American, by her appearance of being of the American type, that she made me quite homesick, and almost as sorry to leave Bloemfontein and go with the Queen's army toward Pretoria as I had been to leave America."—From F. W. Unger's "With 'Bobs' and Kruger."

THE Minnesota Federation of Woman's Clubs has planned to offer prizes each year during the State Fair for long and efficient service, in the hope of raising the standard of capability, and affording additional inducement to enter the ranks of house-helpers. This is the first sequel to the more or less general discussion of the "problem" among the Club-women of that State for full a year past. The prize competition will be under the auspices of the Household Economics Committee of the Federation.

LIFE resembles the Sibylline Books; it becomes dearer the less there remains of it.—Goethe.

Deafness Cannot be Cure

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound of imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
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Book Reviews.

"WITH BOBS AND KRUGER," a Narrative of Personal Experiences, by Frederic N. Unger, War Correspondent of the London Daily Express, gives the reader a very clear idea of conditions in the Transvaal. As Mr. Unger was present at Lord Roberts' early operations, and later was sent secretly by Mr. Arthur Pearson to correspond with his paper from the Boer side, we have a number of experiences and observations in the field with both armies. Mr. Unger was unusually fortunate in coming in personal contact with Lord Roberts and Kruger, and describes, in a most entertaining manner, events as he saw them. He pays a high tribute to the honor and courage of the English officers, and yet he has great sympathy for the Boers. He tries to be an impartial onlooker, and gives us the good and bad on each side. He speaks of the duties of a war correspondent and his dangers, although a non-combatant. Historical fact and personal adventure are so happily combined, that this volume will prove one of the popular books on this much talked of subject. The 150 or more illustrations add considerably to the reader's interest, as many of them are from the author's own photographs in the field. (Cloth, \$2.00.) Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, Penn.

MISS ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, in the years since she began to write,—it was in 1868 that she published her first novel,—has given to the reading world more than a score of books, each one of which has enjoyed a well-earned share of popularity. Her stories invariably have the ring of sincerity, and her people are sympathetic. "The Herb of Grace," just issued from the Lippincott press, is the product of matured talent, and, it is said, has all the liveliness of movement of her earlier stories, together with a finer insight into life.

MID the great flood of "popular" novels it is encouraging, to those who have literary ideas, to note that two pieces of recent fiction which have not the elements considered essential to gain "sales by the thousands" have obtained a wide hearing, and to-day are quoted among the books most in demand throughout the country. It is curious, also, in view of the great vogue of the novel of historical incident and to the story which portrays homely and quaint character, to find that both "Sister Teresa" and "Jack Raymond"—the novels to which reference is made—do not depend upon exciting episodes for their movement, and are concerned with personages who have no "b'gosh" in their mouths, and whose intellect ranges higher than reflection upon the petty incidents and the small talk of a country town. Mr. Moore's book is the story of the tremendous struggle in a woman between habit and desire on one side and spiritual yearnings on the other; and "Sister Teresa" has been, almost without exception, declared to be the most distinct addition to the literature of fiction in its best estate that has been made for several years. Mrs. Voynich's story of "Jack Raymond" has elicited the same approval for its power, its singular felicity of phrase and its general literary finish, though its moral tone has been fought over, tooth and nail.

Tales that Are Told.

A sprightly little woman on the east side who belongs to a literary club was assigned the duty of writing ten questions about prominent women, which the members of the club were to answer off hand. The stipulation was made that the questions must not be hard ones or of the catch variety, but must be such as a well informed woman should be acquainted with. She kept her promise and submitted the following questions:

1. Who was Hester Johnson?
2. What woman said that if her body were opened after death the word "Calais" would be found written on her heart?
3. What was the name of the father of the Virgin Mary?
4. What were the real names of Currer Bell, Ouida, George Eliot and Charles Egbert Craddock?
5. Where did Grace Darling live at the time she performed her feat that gave her a place in history?
6. What was the name of the woman whose abduction brought on a war that lasted ten years?
7. What was the maiden name of the wife of President McKinley?
8. Who was Nancy Hanks?
9. Why is Niobe always represented as weeping? What was she crying about?
10. What was the name of the Cuban girl who was rescued from prison in Havana and brought to the United States?

Out of twenty-seven present only two attempted to answer any of the questions. One knew who Nancy Hanks was and the other answered one-half of the fourth question. The rest were silently voting that the inquisitor was a "mean thing."—Exchange.

The Flight of the Doves.

BY KATE LILLY BLUE, MARION, S. C.

IT is a summer afternoon, one of June's rarest and loveliest. A day when all humanity wants to be out in the golden sunshine, under the blue sky, inhaling the odor of roses and enjoying the delicious breeze. A day to set one's pulses dancing with joy at the mere thought of living and breathing. A fit afternoon for the picnic of young people from Brookville to the old ruined mill five miles away. They were to go in wagons at five o'clock and return in the moonlight. And a gay party they were, too, though our story has little to do with them. The scene of the first part of our narrative is a little room in a cottage on the outskirts of the town. A plain little room in the main, with dainty feminine touches here and there that proclaim the sex as well as the artistic temperament and refined taste of its owner. An old-fashioned book case, several paper racks, an easel containing a study in still life, a chintz-covered lounge, a chair or two, and last, but most important, a large office writing desk. The mantel is decorated on one end with an old blue Delft bowl of crimson and white roses; on the other is the framed photograph of a very good looking young man. The desk is littered with manuscripts, paper, envelopes, books of reference, pens, ink; a regular chaos over which presides a pretty girl, whose face is more in accord with the June roses and sunshine than with "ponderous volumes of forgotten lore." She is very shabbily dressed in a blue serge gown, which though neatly brushed and cleaned, gives unmistakable evidence of long service. The point of a shabby little shoe peeps out from the folds of the blue skirt, and only the daintiness of the girl herself, with her deep grey eyes, and crown of bright brown hair, indicates that she is far superior to her worn attire. She is not thinking of shabby gown and shoes, as she bends busily over her task, now and then humming snatches of song as she work away.

Presently a head, plainly the original of the photograph on the mantel, is thrust through the vine-framed window, and a pair of blue eyes watch her with quiet curiosity for several minutes, without speaking.

Then the silence is broken. The young man leans into the window and says curiously:

"Maybelle, will you be so kind as to tell me what you are doing?"

The girl gives a start of surprise, then looks up with a smile: "Why, Rupert, I thought you had gone to the picnic."

"Did you really think I would go without you?" he asks incredulously. She only smiles in reply, and bends again over the desk.

"You have not answered my question as to your occupation," he reminds her.

"Oh," she says, "I am merely preparing for the periodical 'Flight of the Doves.'"

"I don't think I follow you."

"Or them?" she asks demurely. He laughs in reply; a happy, boyish laugh, that at once puts him on good terms with the world.

"May I come in while you explain?"

"Certainly, if you will not upset anything. Vivienne came in to-day and gave me the fidgets, trying to tidy up the room."

Rupert Selwyn springs lightly through the window and comes to the desk, perching himself on one corner.

"Look out, you are in the paste, and will get stuck. Now," as he moves, "you are right on the manuscript I want next," she says gaily. "Do get over in that chair out of reach, then I can talk to you without the nervous dread of your upsetting something."

He takes the chair indicated rather ruefully and when well settled ejaculates the one word, "Well."

"Well," she smiles back, taking up some heavy envelopes, stamped and directed. "These are the doves and I am sending them out to seek a haven of rest. So far, none have been successful in that attempt, but return to me one by one with greater or less promptness and unvarying persistence, to be redressed and addressed and sent out again."

"Your stories, Mabelle?"

"Yes," she replied, with a pathetic little smile, "Isn't it sad that nobody wants them, nobody cares for them but me?"

"Why, Mabelle, I thought your stories were in great demand; I heard the editor of the 'Argus' say that he would print everyone you would send him."

"Yes, that's so. He will print them, but not pay for them. I could have every one of them in print within the month if I would donate them, but I don't do that any more. When I found they were worth publishing, I decided they were worth paying for, and I shut down on the papers which will not pay me. So far though," she went on with the same little pathetic smile, "they have not been able to pay their way, and though the flock has increased to thirteen, they seem as far from finding a home as they did when first they flew hopefully away. I have discovered one thing though, and that is that editors are much maligned individuals. I have heard them spoken of as rude, when they are the most uniformly polite class of people in existence."

She reached up into a pigeon hole, and brought forward a package of papers neatly folded and held together by a rubber band.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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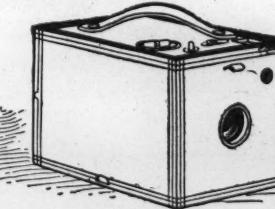
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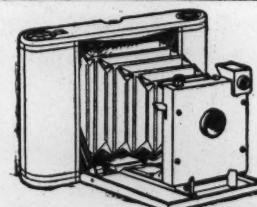


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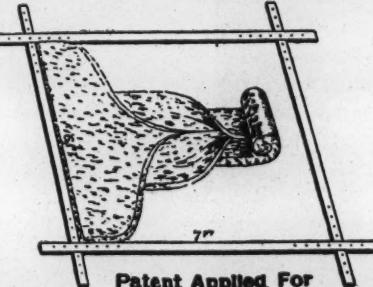
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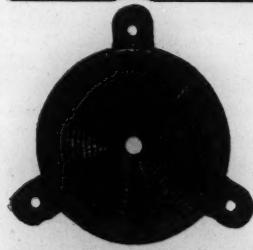
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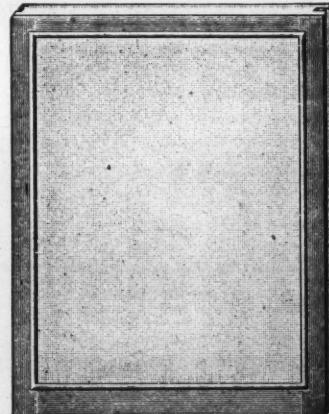
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